

Gandhi in Jerusalem

For Mubarak Awad

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By Douglas Lackey

Members of the audience who so wish are welcome to stand during the final scene.

First performed as “Kaddish in East Jerusalem” 13 March 2003

New York, Theater for the New City

Starring Munir Haddad and

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[Note: The actors playing Israeli soldiers take the tickets from audience members. The entry to the theater becomes a military checkpoint in Palestine.]

Act I:

Scene 1.

Night. Empty street in East Jerusalem. October 2000, immediately after the outbreak of the second intifada.

The backdrop shows three story apartment houses with front stoops. From a radio inside one of the buildings comes a song sung by Oum Kholtoom. This music fades out. A backstage voice is heard from a loudspeaker bullhorn. The voice moves across the stage, as if the bullhorn is held by someone in a moving car on the next street.

Bullhorn: There is a curfew in effect. No walking outside. Anyone found on the streets will be shot at.

[The same message, repeated in Arabic.]

Mamnoo3 attajawwol li ish'ar aakhar, wa man yokhalef yotlak 'alayhi
irrassass

[The same message, repeated in Hebrew.]

Biglal Ha'otzer, assur la'lechet berichov. Kulam she'nimtzu sham,
besakanat yi'ri'ah.

Squad of five Israeli soldiers, including Ehud, Anna, and Sarah, walk in from upstage left. The soldiers have rifles at the ready. They look carefully up at the windows as they walk along. Exit downstage right.

[Note: this same squad of five soldiers will reappear in Act III, i, Act III, ii, and Act V, ii]

Enter upstage right five Arab youths, Akbar, Mohammed, Hossein, Abdul and Ali, Mohammed and Hossein are about 19; Akbar and Abdul are 18 and Ali about 14. They pick up rocks and throw the rocks in the direction the soldiers have exited. They exit on the run, upstage left.

The soldiers appear downstage right, rifles horizontal.

Officer: Warning shots!

The soldiers kneel midstage and fire several warning shots, guns raised at an angle. There is a pause. Then a rock flies across stage towards the soldiers. Two other rocks land and miss.

Officer: Rubber bullets! Shoot to hit!

The soldiers fire again, this time guns horizontal. They then proceed rapidly offstage in the direction into which the youths have disappeared.

Blackout.

BBC announcer: Final status talks hit a serious problem when Palestinians withdrew in protest over the building of new settlements in the West Bank. Prime Minister Barak responded the following day by announcing a freeze on the addition of 1800 new houses to Jewish settlements around Jerusalem.

Scene 2:

Morning. Different street in East Jerusalem.

From minaret loudspeaker: The call to prayers in Arabic. Some prayers and some readings from the Quran.

Boris is sitting on the steps of a three story apartment house that is obviously brand new. Video monitors and other security devices are visible. He talks into a cell phone.

Boris: Hello, yes I can hear you! You call that Russian? Nine years in America and you sound like Bill Clinton. Ok, we'll talk English. [like John Wayne] How are ya? We are fine so far. Five years on the waiting list, and they give us an apartment at the edge of an Arab neighborhood. We're

surrounded by Arabs. Yes, it's crazy here since Sharon went up on the temple mount. It's starting to look like another intifada. We hear shooting every night. No, I don't think we are in any danger. The Arabs here like me. And they really like Irina. Arab men are crazy about blonde girls.

Salem enters, upstage right. He is about 34 years old and is kicking a soccer ball skillfully down the street.

Irina emerges from the new apartment house door and Boris and Irina walk down the steps, turn left, and walk briskly along. Irina is about 20; Boris is about 22. They turn left and walk briskly along. They speak English with Russian accents.

Boris: Hurry up Sis, you'll be late for school.

Irina: There's plenty of time, Boris.

Boris: If you studied for school and didn't go dancing every night at Sherri's, we wouldn't be always late.

Irina: We are not late and my grades are fine; better than yours ever were.

They don't notice Salem, but Salem notices them. He looks at Irina and keeps his eyes on her until Boris and Irina are at stage exit.

Salem (softly but emphatically): Hilwe! [Arabic: "What a beauty!"].

Boris glances back watchfully at Salem. Boris and Irina exit.

Blackout.

During blackout: more prayers from the minaret loudspeaker.

Scene 3:

Late afternoon. A large basement room in East Jerusalem.

On left side wall, poster of Gandhi. On right side wall, poster of Martin Luther King. On back wall, poster of Arab father in Gaza, against wall, holding wounded child, Mohamed al-Dura, as per news photos.

The same kids who threw rocks in scene 1 are sitting and standing about in the room.

Salem comes in. The reaction of the kids is one of respect and interest.

Abdul: Salam Alekum

Salem: Alekum Salam I heard that some kids from around here threw some rocks at soldiers and got shot at.

Akbar: So what, we'll give them more than rocks! They can put their Knesset in West Jerusalem, but East Jerusalem belongs to us.

Salem: East Jerusalem may belong to us, but we cannot prove this by throwing rocks. We must remain loyal to the ideals of the first intifada, and our ideal was to use nonviolent methods to get freedom. You cannot free yourself by throwing rocks, Akbar.

Akbar: Six years of restraining ourselves and what we get is a curfew. We are prisoners in our own homes.

Ali: We are sick of Zionist curfews and Zionist patrols and Sharon running around on the Haram esh-Sharif . If I see Sharon, I'll bounce a stone right off of his head.

Murmurs of approval from the kids.

Salem: Ali, if we throw stones, they will shoot bullets; if we shoot bullets, they will bring tanks; if we bring tanks and push them against the sea, they will use nuclear weapons. This is the path of death; it goes nowhere.

Hossein: It doesn't matter that it goes nowhere, Salem. We have been nowhere for thirty-four years. I like nowhere. I am not trying to leave this...nowhere. When I throw a rock, I am showing the world that I exist. I am showing the world what I feel about the Zionists. We are not going to sit around with our heads bowed down while they steal our country away from us.

Salem: You won't be sitting around for long, I promise you. We will act, but we won't throw rocks. What are these feelings that are you expressing, Hossein? Feelings of hate?

Mohammed: No, love feelings.

Salem: What sort of person do you think you make yourself into when you express feelings like these? Hate creates only hate. Is this the person that you want to be? When your mother brought you into the world did she pray, "Allah, teach my child to hate?"

Hossein: Of course not Salem. You ask questions when you already know the answers, like a philosophy professor. We are not idiots. We know your belief in nonviolence and we have respect for you. You were with the intifada from the beginning, when we were just children. You taught us how to think about these things. But we are talking about injustice, and it is not wrong to hate injustice. And when people create injustice, it is not wrong to hate them.

Salem: People are people and it is always wrong to hate them, Hossein. If someone is oppressing you, you must convince him that you are right and that he is wrong. You are not going to do this by using violence against him. If you throw a rock at him you will only persuade him that you are evil. If you shoot at him you will only convince him that he is the real victim of injustice. Then he will go on oppressing you with a good conscience.

Hossein: You don't have to do much to convince the Jews that they are the victims. They thought that before we were ever born. They are professional victims. We don't want to convince the Jews of anything. We just want to eliminate them.

Salem (fiercely): Bala ta'meh! [Arabic: "disgusting nonsense!"] Cut the nonsense about "eliminating" people! It is wrong and you know it. We are not murderers. Murder is against Islam. Suicide bombing is against Islam. If you become murderers I don't want any part of you.

Mohammed: The Zionists have not given us a choice. Violence is the only thing that they understand.

Salem: There is always a choice, Mohammed. No one forces you to use violence.

Mohammed: Let us choose it freely then! Remember what Fanon says, “He who kills his oppressor is a double creator; with one bullet he creates a dead tyrant and a free man.”

The other kids are silent and a little embarrassed in the wake of this statement.

Salem: Once you start killing, you will go on killing until someone kills you. They were quoting Fanon in Algeria in 1957 when the killing started. Fifty years later in Algeria, they are still killing each other. We must find a better way for Palestine. I am afraid for you Mohammed; you are starting to love violence for its own sake.

Hossein: We have heard this all before from you Salem, and we are getting tired of it. Spare us from your efforts to save our souls. We have to get out of here and get home before we get trapped by the curfew set up by your poor confused Zionist victims. If it gets past nine o'clock we will have no choice but to throw more rocks.

Blackout.

BBC announcer: Ariel Sharon, the leader of the right wing opposition, visited the Temple Mount, known to Palestinians as the Harem esh-Sharif, the Noble Sanctuary. Against the background of the failure of the peace process, the visit sparked off rioting that claimed six dead overnight.

Scene 4.

Early evening. The street as in scene 1.

The Arab kids, but not Salem, are walking in a group. They encounter Menachem, an Israeli social worker.

Ali: Look it's our friend Menachem from social services. Hey, Menachem, Menachim Begin, we heard that you were dead.

Menachem: For this I voted Labor all my life? Let the dead rest in peace, even Likud dead. What are you doing going on the streets in a gang like this? The soldiers are going to take an interest.

Akbar: We want them to take an interest. We are very interesting people. We are people that have lost our country. Have you found one recently?

Menachem: Your country is Israel and I think it is a very fine one, Akbar.

Akbar: The Bosnians get to have their own country, and the Croats, and the Macedonians and the Estonians and even the Bengalis. Somebody had to lose a country to balance things out, and that somebody had to be us.

Menachem: What, you think that you ever had a country? That you lost it in 67? The West Bank and East Jerusalem in 67 were under Jordanian rule. Ask your parents what they think of the dear dead King Hussein. He killed more Palestinians in September of 70 than the verkachte Sharon ever did in Lebanon.

Akbar: He was on the payroll of the CIA.

Menachem (genially): Boys, boys, we are all on the payroll of the CIA. The Americans pay us billions not to attack Egypt; they pay the Egyptians billions not to attack us. They give money to the UN; the UN gives it to the High Commissioner for Refugees, and the High Commissioner for Refugees gives it to you. Welcome to the Yankee dollar. Look, you were ruled by the Turks, then by the British, then by Jordanian stooges, and then by us. Nobody ever treated you better than we do. Mayor Teddy Kollect did more for the Arabs around here than Nasser and Hussein and Assad put together. Would Nasser let you stay in Egypt? No, he stuck in you in Gaza, the garbage dump of the world. Can you ever be a citizen of Kuwait? No, but you can go there and clean their Jacuzzis. What a bunch of fools you are to be pawns for the Arab leaders in their war against us.

Akbar: Yes, we should give thanks for Jewish leaders like Sharon who have done so much for us. Your Zionist boss Sharon is a certified mass murderer. We will never forget the massacres at Sabra and Shatila that were Sharon's gift to us.

Menachem: You will never remember them either, as they happened before you were born. To my knowledge, it was Christians in Lebanon that did the shooting, one of their routine acts of brotherly love. But don't expect any defense of Sharon from me. What I want to know is why you are all working for him,

Akbar: We're not working for him, you are.

Menachem: On the contrary, my friend Akbar. I have been working for over twenty years in the Peace Now movement to give the West Bank back to you. Last month, my real boss Barak offered you 95% of the West Bank. Ninety-five cents on the dollar, the best deal you'll ever get. But Sharon has his meshugeneh idea of a Greater Israel, and he goes on the Temple Mount to stir you up. You fall for the trap and kill the deal. You all flunk math. You think that 100% of nothing is more than 95% of something. Forget all this symbolic nonsense. Take the deal. Build a country. Build your own lives. Do you want to spend the rest of your days following coffins and yelling slogans in the air? Think about it. And get off the streets before the curfew starts.

Menachem exits. The boys look at each other and then turn to Akbar.

Ali: Are we going home?

Akbar: No. Y'alla. [Arabic: "let's go."]

Blackout.

BBC announcer: Another soldier was killed last night in a settlement in East Jerusalem. Palestinian rioters using guns and rocks have already claimed the lives of seven soldiers. It is unknown at this time how many Palestinians have died. Both Prime Minister Barak and Ariel Sharon place the blame squarely at each others' feet.

Act II.

Scene 1.

Next Evening. Outside Sherry's discotheque in West Jerusalem.

Salem is visible on the side looking at the disco door. Irina and friends pass by and enter the disco. Rock music is audible in the street. The club boys arrive, moving furtively through the shadow.

Hossein: This is hopeless; they'll never let us in.

Akbar: Why is Salem insisting on a club on the West side? We have our own clubs.

Salem: That is exactly the point, Akbar. We don't want separate but equal clubs. We don't want people kept out of clubs just because of religion. We want integration, like Martin Luther King.

Bouncer: Sorry, you can't go in, we're full.

Salem: You are not full, you just don't want Arabs like us.

Bouncer: What can I do? There is a problem with the fire code.

Salem: There is no problem with the fire code and you know it. This place is never full on Wednesday night. You just don't want Arabs in there.

Bouncer: And what if we don't? This is a private club, and we have the right to decide who goes in and who does out.

Salem: A discotheque is not a country with an immigration policy. This discotheque is in Israel and I am an Israeli citizen. As a citizen I request that you let me in.

Bouncer: You people are not going to get in.

Salem: We people are people just like you. You are discriminating against us. The law forbids discrimination in public places when there is a public sale of tickets. We will be back with a court order and we will get in.

They move along away from the disco door. The bouncer stops paying attention. There is a dark alley on the side of the disco.

Akbar: Look, the stage door is open. Let's go for it.

Salem: (after a slight pause) Ok, Y'alla.

They run into the alley.

Scene 2:

Inside Sherry's discotheque.

The music is loud rock sung in Russian. The Jewish kids are dressed no differently from the Arab kids, who are not noticed in the crowd. The squad of soldiers (in uniform) is mixed in with the crowd. Salem moves away from the other Arab kids and carefully scans the dancers. He locates Irina dancing towards the back. He works his way towards her through the crowd. As he dances near her, he gets her attention and their eyes meet. Her dancing picks up in erotic intensity.

Akbar: Well now we know why Salem wanted to come here. Good for him.

The music ends and there is relative quiet.

Salem: What's your name?

Irina: Irina.

Salem: Irina! That means "peace" in Russian, right?

Irina: Well, in Greek it does. What's your name?

Salem: Salem. It means "peace" too.

Irina: Salem! Are you an Arab?

Salem: Yes, but it still means "peace."

The disc jockey steps out his booth for a short break. Akbar quietly goes into the booth and slips a CD of Arab dance music into the CD player. Most of the kids on the dance floor begin dancing. A few are surprised at the music being played.

Dancer: Hey, isn't this Arab music? Why are they playing it?

Another dancer: There are Arabs in here.

Another dancer: What? Arabs in here? Terrorists in here?

Another dancer: Maybe there's a bomb, like in the disco in Tel Aviv.

Several people panic and run towards and out the door. Salem takes Irina's hand.

Salem: There may be trouble. Let's go out the side door.

They go behind the stage and out the side door. They can be seen disappearing into the darkness of the alley beside the disco.

Akbar comes out of the booth and locks it behind him. He throws the key behind the stage.

Bouncer: Get that camel-fucking music off.

DJ: The door's been locked.

The guards and some soldiers grab Akbar and then grab the other Arab kids, who go limp in nonviolent protest. The Jewish kids group together and stare at the Arab kids. The Arab music continues to be heard. Then one of the Jewish kids begins to sing "Hatikva" in a defiant voice. The other Jewish kids start singing, both as a challenge to Arabs and as an attempt to drown out the Arab music. A few shake their fists at the Arabs.

The DJ smashes the booth door open and the Arab music is cut off. The Jewish kids triumphantly sing "Hatikva" to the end, at this point singing not at the Arabs but full out to the audience.

Captain: (to Ali): who put you up to this? Do you want to start a riot and get people killed?

Ali remains silent.

Captain: Take him to the station. Maybe we can shake some sense out of him.

[The Bouncer and three Israeli soldiers remain.]

Ehud: What was that all about?

Bouncer: A gang of these people tried to get in the front door, but I stopped them. The leader says he is an Israeli citizen protesting discrimination against Arabs.

Ehud: Discrimination against Arabs! If he is a citizen he has the same rights as everyone else. Better than us! He doesn't even have to serve in the army.

Anna: They should just throw all these Arabs in jail.

Ehud: We can't throw all the Palestinians in jail; there are over a million of them.

Sarah: At least music is better than bombs. They could have blown us up. They seemed like just kids.

Anna: They are still Arabs.

Sarah: The problem is not the Arab kids but the Arab leaders. The old man goes to Washington, and Clinton and Barak offer him a whole country. What does he do? He doesn't even make a counter offer. After two weeks, he tells Clinton "you know, there never was a temple on the Temple Mount." How can you negotiate with a moron like that?

Ehud: But where is all this going? Every night I am walking around with my rifle thinking, there's no way we can rule over a million Arabs.

Anna: That your problem: you think too much. These are our enemies and they want to kill us. We have to defend ourselves against them. Kill or be killed..

Ehud: It's not that simple! Every time we get a bulldozer and knock down an Arab house we create ten more suicide bombers.

Anna: And who is writing the checks for these suicide bombers? Arafat!

Sarah: I'm tired of politics. Let's just go back to the barracks.

[The soldiers start walking out].

Ehud: These Arabs are people and if we treat them like dogs they will become dogs and they will bite us.

Sarah: Yes, yes, the Arabs are people. But their music is terrible.

Ehud: Not all of it. Not Oum Khoultom. She is the best.

[Exit].

Blackout.

BBC announcer: At least 30 Palestinians have so been killed in what in what is now commonly referred to as "the intifada." There is no end to the rioting in sight, which has spread from Jerusalem to the West Bank and the Gaza strip.

Scene 3.

Night. In front of Irina's house.

Irina: Thanks for getting me out of that mess, Salem.

Salem: We are ok now, Irina.

Irina: What were you doing at our dance?

Salem: It is not "your" dance; it is just as much our dance and this is just as much our country as yours. I brought people from my club over here to make a nonviolent protest, like Martin Luther King in the United States.

Irina: A club? What club?

Salem: I started a club for Arabs committed to nonviolent methods. We will stop discrimination against Arabs by making the Jews ashamed of themselves.

Irina: Nonviolent Arabs? The people who blow up discotheques where kids are dancing? You must be joking.

Salem: We are not joking and not all Arabs throw bombs.

Irina: But some do.

Salem: And some Jews take guns and shoot Arabs while they pray in their mosque. But most Jews and most Arabs want peace; they just don't understand how to get it.

Irina: And you do?

Salem: It is not my idea; it is Mohandas Gandhi, the Mahatma, who gave us the idea.

Irina: And that is...

Salem: An absolute commitment to nonviolence, and an absolute commitment to justice. Without nonviolence, we will never achieve justice, and without justice, we will never have a lasting peace.

Irina: When you put the Arab music on at Sherry's, you were forcing us to listen to it. Wasn't that using force?

Salem: The door was open; you didn't have to stay and listen.

Irina: That is like saying when someone pulls a gun on me that I don't have to hand over the money. That is force, not choice.

Salem: Perhaps...perhaps you are right. Perhaps I was mistaken.

There is a pause while they look in each other's eyes.

Irina: Salem, I've never met an Arab like you.

Salem: You mean you never met someone like me.

Irina: Sure, someone like you. Can we meet again and talk some more?

Salem (his voice shaking slightly): Yes, let us meet again soon.

Irina scribbles a number on a piece of paper.

Irina: Here's my cell phone number. Call me only during the day.

Salem: All right. I'll call you tomorrow.

Irina goes up into the house. Salem moves slowly off to the side. There is a long pause, with the sound of dogs barking and Arab music playing faintly at some distance. Salem is at the far side of the stage. Irina looks out of the apartment window. She never looks down, but stares straight out into space.

Irina (shaking her head, speaking to herself): Nyet. Nyet. Nyet. Nyet. Nyet.

Act III.

Scene 1.

Sunset. The Mount of Olives.

Irina and Salem are walking part way up on the Mount of Olives. Visible below is the Dome of the Rock and al-Aksa mosque. In the distance, rooftops of East Jerusalem. They pause and sit under a gigantic olive tree.

Irina: It's beautiful up here.

Salem: I love the smell of the wind blowing in from the desert. It smells of pine.

Irina: They told us at school that all the pine trees from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem were planted by Israeli kids after 1948. They got the money for the trees from Jewish school children in America.

Salem: I think there were trees in Jerusalem before the Zionists came. It doesn't matter who planted them. I love the smell.

Irina: How did you get so interested in trees?

Salem: Trees are members of my family! [pauses and smiles] We're in the olive oil business. We have orchards in and around Jerusalem, on the west side. We've been pressing olive oil for over 150 years. Some of our trees, like the trees on the Mountain here [he gestures at the tree], are 1000 years old. There is a lot of work to it. My father takes care of our trees, and I have responsibility for the trees of my cousins.

Irina: Your cousins? Why don't they mind their own trees?

Salem: Before 1948, my grandfather and his brother tended the groves. When the war started, Ben Gurion and his Zionists fought their way up from Tel Aviv towards Jerusalem, right towards us. My great uncle saw the trucks coming up the back road and got scared. He said he would go to Bethlehem and stay with his wife's family until it was safe to come back. He begged my grandfather to come with him. He said that the trees could take care of themselves. My grandfather refused to go; he wanted to stay for the harvest in October. He said the Zionists needed olive oil as much as the Arabs. When the war ended, the Zionists said that my grandfather was a citizen and could own land but that my great uncle was not a citizen and could never be one. They never let him come back. He never saw the trees grow that he planted with his own hands. He died a refugee, an exile. But I tend his trees in his honor and in his name.

Irina: They told us in school that the Palestinians who left in 48 went away because the Arab generals told them to go. So they were collaborating with the enemy...

Salem: You don't need Arab radio broadcasts to be afraid of dying! We could see the troops and hear the guns. Mortars were falling all over Jerusalem. How did it help the Arab armies to have half a million refugees around their necks? Look, the Zionists wanted a Jewish state with the Jews in control. But they knew that the US and the UN wanted a democratic state in Palestine. To get a Jewish majority they had to get rid of Arab voters. It was easy. All the Zionists had to do was shut the door on the refugees. After the Zionists got their majority they passed the Law of Return, and any Jew from anywhere in the world could come here and be a citizen. Is it justice that Jews who could not find Palestine on a map in 1948 could come to live here in 1949, while my great uncle, who lived here all his life, could never come home?

Irina: The Jews who came here were victims of persecution. It is justice that they were saved.

Salem: Many Jews have come here from Brooklyn! Meir Kahane came from Brooklyn. What was Meir Kahane persecuted by –the subway?

Irina: Are you saying that Jews have not been persecuted? That Adolph Hitler did not exist? When Hitler was persecuting the Jews in Germany, the Jews tried to escape but no one would take them in. There must be a refuge in the world where Jews can be safe. Israel is that place. The door here will never be closed to Jews. You don't know what it is like to be a Jew, to be a tiny minority in a country, surrounded by enemies.

Salem: So come to Israel, a country known to be surrounded by friends! You are talking about things that happened a long time ago. My people are being persecuted now.

Irina: I'm talking about things that happened to my own family! You talked about your family. My family lived in the Ukraine, in a small town east of Kiev. When the Nazis invaded in June of 41 my great-grandmother wanted to move further to the east because the Nazis were famous anti-Semites. She heard terrible things about what they were doing in Poland. But my great-grandfather wanted to stay; he said that Ukrainians were worse anti-Semites than the Germans. If we can survive the Ukrainians, we can survive anything, he said. They stayed, but my great-grandmother sent the children away. When the Nazis came into the town, special squads of SS troops came to the mayor and asked where the Jews were. The Jews were hiding in barns, in fields, in woods. The Ukrainians knew where to find them. They hunted them down, and handed them over to the Germans. The SS squads gave the Jews shovels and made them dig a big ditch outside of the town. They lined them up along the ditch and shot them all with machine guns and made the Ukrainians throw dirt on top of the bodies. When my grandfather came back to the town after the war he talked to a Ukrainian boy he knew. The boy said that the Germans had made them go back to the ditch and take off the dirt and burn the bodies. The boy said he found the body of my great-grandfather on top of the body of my great-grandmother together. He had his arms around her. He was trying to protect her. There was a bullet hole in the back of his head and bullet hole between her eyes. The SS checked everybody. If they found a Jew alive, they shot him in the head.

Salem: This is a terrible thing. Haram! [Arabic: “Poor woman!”]

Irina: My grandfather would have nothing to do with the Ukrainians. He went up to Moscow and started working in a pharmacy. He got married, had children. He wasn't a doctor; all he did was sell cough drops and deliver prescriptions. Then came 1953 and Stalin went crazy and got the idea that some doctors, Jewish doctors, were trying to poison him. It was nonsense but in Russia they will believe anything about the Jews. One night some NKVD men came and took my grandfather away to Lyubyanka prison. They hung him on a hook for four days and four nights and kept beating him and asking him where this Jewish poison came from and what it was made of. The Jews are experts at making poisons that don't exist.

When they were finished with him they took him down and sent him off to a labor camp in Siberia. When he got to the camp the other inmates beat him up every day for trying to poison Comrade Stalin. They loved him so much, the man who put them in the Gulag! When they were beating him the camp guards would just look away. He wrote my grandmother that he wanted to die. One day he was hit from behind with a piece of wood and died from a fracture of his skull. The man who killed him was a Belarussian; the camps were full of them.

Salem: And this is why you came to Israel?

Irina: No my father hoped that things would get better after Stalin died. For a time it was better for the Jews, with Khrushchev and Brezhnev and the oil money coming in. In Moscow they performed Shostakovich's symphony about the murder of Jews in Kiev. But after the Six Day War they began to blame the Jews for everything. By the time I was growing up there was anti-Semitism everywhere.

Salem: So the government was persecuting you?

Irina: The government and the people both. There was a movement in Russia called Pamyat, and they said that Russia was for the Russians, and that all non-Russians should be kicked out. By non-Russians they meant the Jews. By the 80's all the good jobs were going to non-Jews. So the Jews began to leave. When they left, the Pamyat called them traitors for leaving. We were traitors if we left and traitors if we stayed. Even my friends began to say anti-Semitic things.

Salem: Your friends? Not your Jewish friends.

Irina. My Russian friends. I used to play in the park with a girl called Masha. When she started piano lessons, she would come and play on our piano and I would teach her, since I was very good at piano. One time I lent her some piano records by Vladimir Horowitz and Evgeny Kissin. Next day, she brought back the Horowitz records because her mother said that Jews like Horowitz couldn't play Scriabin because Scriabin was Russian. I told my bother Boris, who plays violin. He just laughed and laughed. "That ignoramus doesn't know Kissin is Jewish," he said. "She thinks if his name is from Pushkin he must be Russian."

Salem: A Jewish musician! I'm shocked to hear of it.

Irina: I never got my records back. When I asked for them, Masha got mad and said I was just what her friends always called me, a dirty Jew. It got worse and worse. Since I was a very good player, I auditioned for the conservatory, youth section. I heard the others play and knew I was the best. But they said, "We don't have enough places for people like you." My father asked them, "What do you mean, 'people like you?'" They said, "You know what we mean." That day my father came home and said we would leave Russia. We would go to Israel and study music with the best. So we came here, but we had to leave the piano behind. I loved that piano.

Salem: So this is why people say, "What do you call a Russian Jew at Ben Gurion Airport who doesn't have a violin under his arm?"

Irina: What?

Salem: A pianist.

Irina (laughs): Well, that's me.

Salem stands up. He reaches out his hand to help Irina. She looks at his hand for a moment and then grasps it and stands up. The two stand side by side, hand in hand, looking down at Jerusalem in the sunset.

Salem: Look at the sun shining on the Dome of the Rock and the al-Aksa mosque.

Irina: So beautiful in this light.

Salem: I have prayed there many times, prayed for peace.

Irina: So you are a devoted Muslim?

Salem: Me, my whole family, we are devout. Islam is the salvation of the world. Should I ask, are you a Jew?

Irina: The orthodox might say that I flunk the test. We don't keep up the practices very much at home.

Salem: The Jewish people have such strange beliefs. They believe that they are closer to God than other people. In Islam we believe that God is infinite and that every man is nothing compared to God. Every man is as far from God as everyone else; every man is as close to God as everyone else. Jefferson said all men are created equal, but in Islam we can prove this. How can you say that one people are the chosen people? Allah shows mercy and compassion to all.

Irina: How can you say things that are so anti-Semitic?

Salem: How can I be anti-Semitic? I AM a Semite. I say these things because I submit to God.

Irina: Do you believe that Mohammed was His Prophet?

Salem: Of course I do.

Irina: Do you believe God chose Mohammed to be his Prophet?

Salem: Of course.

Irina: If God could choose one man to be His prophet, why can't he choose one people to be His people? Do you think it is beyond his power to choose a people?

Salem: Nothing is beyond the power of God.

Irina: Then it is not strange to believe that there is a chosen people. Let's leave it to God to decide who the chosen ones are.

Salem: Irina, I never met a Jew like you..

Irina: No, you never met someone like me. [They approach, embrace, kiss.] Let's get home before the curfew starts.

Scene 2: Soccer [football] field, East Jerusalem.

[Upstage, a soccer goal net with Hussein as goalie. during the scene. Salem and Akbar (whose left ankle is taped up) are on the sideline, looking at the game.]

Salem: I can't believe that we're going to beat Ras al-Amud. We haven't beaten these guys in five years.

Akbar: With their two best strikers dead from carrying suicide bombs, it would be embarrassing to lose this game.

Salem: That's an argument for nonviolence Gandhi never thought of. Practice nonviolence and your football team will win the league championship! [towards the wings] Mark your man! Mark your man!

Akbar: All the teams in the league have been gunning for us because they hate nonviolence.

Salem: That's because they think that nonviolence is for sissies. We will put a stop to that when we ram a few more goals down their throats.

[The ball shoots from the wings towards the goal but is stopped by Hossein.]

Salem: Way to go, Hossein!

Hossein [kicking ball into the wings] Push up! Push up!

Akbar: No they think that because we are against suicide bombs we are for the Zionists. Since they can't play against the Zionists, they take it out on us.

Salem: Let them play like fools; all they'll get is penalties.

Akbar: What? You know the officials are against us too.

Salem: A goal is a goal in any language, and we have this one in the bag. Ten seconds.

[The siren sounds the end of the game. The players in football uniforms gather around Salem and Akbar.]

Salem: This is the best we've ever played, thanks be to God. You were tackled and kicked and abused, but you kept your minds clear. We have worked hard on our transitional game and our sweat has paid off. Our defense was always great. I love all of you. Ali, you will be a great player. You could play in the world cup if we only had a country and a national team. Someday there will be a Palestinian state, and the world will learn how we play football down here. One more game, and we have the championship.

Everybody must come to the club tomorrow night. No absences! We are making real progress organizing our mass march out of the refugee camps and towards Israel. Some people from the camps want to set the camps on fire so that they cannot go back to them. That's all for now.

All: Peace! Peace! Peace!

Scene 3. Unidentified hill outside West Jerusalem.

Irina: If we keep having picnics like this, we will end up stepping on a land mine or an unexploded artillery shell. Have you ever thought about eating in a restaurant?

Salem: No, but I've thought about being blown up in a restaurant by a suicide bomber. The Last Supper, thanks to plastique. We played Ras al-Amud last week and all they talk about is blowing themselves up. Young kids with their whole lives to live. I have a special reason to bring you here.

Irina: Tell me, I'm dying to know.

Salem: This is my home town, where my father grew up.

Irina: Town, what town? There is nothing here.

Salem: No? Don't you see, here is my father's house, and there is his brother's house, and there is his friend Omar's house—my father had a crush on Omar's sister Farah. Fortunately nothing came of it or I wouldn't be here on planet earth. Over there is a little bakery where we can buy some sweets for the picnic, and down the street there is a gas station where we can get some air for the tires on the moped.

Irina: What are you talking about?

Salem: You don't understand? This was our village in 1948. It was empty in 1949. In 1950, the Zionists came and knocked all the houses down. They took the name of our village off all their maps. If we ask to return, they say there is no place to return to. The village does not exist.

Irina: Well, that is the truth. The village does not exist.

Salem: It exists as long as we remember it! It exists, we exist. Look [he begins pulling up some weeds] here is the edge of the front wall, here is the corner, this is the foundation of our house. See? See?

Irina: It just looks like some cinderblocks stuck in the ground.

Salem: [looks at the cinderblocks, not speaking for a while]. When my uncle was dying, we were all with him at the Amari refugee camp. He asked me to come close. When I bent over him, he said that I must take care of his trees. Then he took my hand and opened it. He put something in my hand and closed my fingers around it. He didn't say a word.

Irina: What was that?

Salem: He put this in my hand: the keys to his house.[points] It was right there.

[Salem walks away from Irina. She comes after him and puts her arm on his shoulder.]

Irina: Look over there, an old car.

Salem: Not from 1948; it's a Toyota.

[They walk up to the car. Salem opens the door and gestures to Irina to get in.]

Irina: I'm not getting in there, there might be bugs.

Salem: There are cars like this outside every refugee camp on the West Bank. At night lovers use them to get privacy. Sometimes kids hide and wait and set fire to the cars at the most inconvenient moments.

Irina: Another reason to not get in.

Salem: If it was good enough for Kate Winslet and Leonardo di Caprio, it's good enough for me. Come and experience the joys of being Palestinian.

[He pulls her comically into the car.]

Blackout.

B.B.C. Announcer: Rioting by Palestinians in Israel has reached a fever pitch. Jewish settlers are asked to remain indoors as much as possible. Prime Minister Sharon has ordered troops to the region in hopes of bringing these riots to a quick end.

Scene 4.

Night. Same street in East Jerusalem as Act I, Scene 1.

The Israeli patrol, in full riot gear, is at one side of the stage. The Palestinian kids are hiding behind a bit of wall, rocks in hand. Salem comes on to the scene and crouches down with the Palestinian kids.

Salem: What are you doing here?

Akbar: Exercising our right to free speech.

Salem: You are going to get yourself killed for nothing. You should go home now.

Hossein: Akbar, should we go home?

Akbar: This is our home. It is the soldiers who should go. (Shouts) Go back to Russia! Go back to Brighton Beach!

Salem: As head of the club, I order all of you to go home. This is not nonviolence.

Mohammed: Who's violent? We have rocks and they have guns. A rock against those shields is nothing.

One Israeli soldier flips his visor up and starts to light a cigarette. He walks backward, crouching to shield the match, and goes offstage. Shots ring out from indeterminate locations.

Ali: I'm not afraid of the Zionists.

Ali grabs a rock and stands up. He goes to throw the rock but is shot through the chest. He falls down near Salem, who takes him in his arms. He looks at Salem and says his name. He falls limp.

Salem: Ali, Ali. [towards the soldiers] He was just a boy. He was just a child.

Salem sways from side to side groaning in his anger and grief. He takes the rock from Ali's hand. Then he stands up and throws it hard in the direction of the Israeli soldiers. From offstage staggers the soldier who had his visor up, bleeding from the right temple. He falls over, unconscious, then twitches and lies still.

Ehud: David! David!

Akbar: What, Salem hit one of the soldiers! Let's get out of here.

All the Arabs run offstage. The soldiers run to their fallen comrade.

Soldier: What an accident! He's dead. It hit right on the temple and smashed through his skull.

Sarah: Always keep your visor down.

Captain: Did you see who threw the stone?

Anna: I did. He is a gang leader. They call him Salem.

[Intermission if needed.]

Act IV.

Scene 1.

Night. The countryside in northern Israel.

Salem: Now I have become what they say I am, a terrorist. I am a murderer and I will always be one. I killed a man with a rock. A man? He was probably just a boy. His father, his mother, his sisters, his brothers, they must all hate me. With hate, I created hate.

What will Irina think of me? She will believe everything I said was a lie. I will probably never see her again. I don't even have a picture of her. She has such lovely hair. I could write her a letter and tell her it was an accident. But there are no accidents. There is only the will of Allah.

Violence came to me so easily. I could have put down that rock. Should I have controlled myself and kept faith with nonviolence? What has nonviolence gotten for us in Palestine? Can justice be torn from the unjust without using force? When Gandhi went on his fasts, the British caved in. But they caved in because they knew that if he starved to death there would be violence and riots. So Gandhi was threatening the British with violence after all. Is there any difference between using violence yourself and relying on others to use violence for you?

I told the bouncer I would get a court order to get into Sherri's. But a court order is backed by the police, and the police are backed by guns. Is this nonviolence?

And Ali! I taught him to resist injustice; now he is dead. That too is my fault. It is easy to sacrifice your own life. Sacrificing the followers who trust you and believe in you is something else. This is too hard.

I have taken a life and lost my own. And Ali's. There is no way I can redeem myself.

Scene 2.

Afternoon. Irina's apartment in East Jerusalem.

Irina is at the piano; Boris has a violin and music stand with sheet music.

Boris: Back to Bach. One, two, three.

They begin playing the Adagio ma non tanto of Bach's Sonata for keyboard and violin #3, BWV 1016. [In fact the Glenn Gould/Jaime Laredo CD plays this music]. The music continues for a while. Then suddenly Boris breaks off.

Boris: Why are you always defending the Arabs? Let them look after their own people. That boy Salem is leader of a gang of terrorists.

Irina: That boy is a follower of Gandhi and all those boys were in the Gandhi Club.

Boris: You must be kidding. They were throwing rocks at soldiers. The one called Salem killed a soldier with a rock.

Irina: It was an accident; he didn't throw the rock at anybody; he lost control.

Boris: Followers of Gandhi are not supposed to lose control. If it was all an accident he should come back and stand trial, He has his rights as a citizen.

Irina: He doesn't trust the legal system. If I were an Arab I wouldn't trust it either. Since he did it during the curfew, he wouldn't even get a civil trial.

Boris: How do you know so much about this? Have you been talking to these people?

Irina: I have talked with this Salem. I met him at Sherri's.

Boris: You talked with a wanted man? The police will come and take us all away.

Irina: Well, he wasn't "wanted" when I talked with him. His family has lived here for centuries. They make olive oil. He is very interesting.

Boris: Interesting? I don't like the sound of that.

Irina: He believes in Gandhi like a religion. When he talks about nonviolence his eyes are shining. He is very charismatic.

Boris: Shining eyes? It sounds like you're in love with him.

Irina: Maybe I am.

Boris: My sister, in love with a terrorist! What is this, Romeo and Juliet? You are going to get the whole family in trouble. The Arabs are just using you for their own purposes.

Irina: He is not using me for anything. If only the other Arabs would listen to him we might have an end to all this violence.

Boris: Nine years in Israel and you have joined up with the Arabs. "The brother has studied with Maxim Vengerov. The sister is in love with an Arab terrorist." This is not going to look good on a concert programme!

Irina: Speaking of concerts, let's get back to it.

The violin-piano music plays through its emotional climax, measures 12-16.

Boris: Troppo staccato. What is this, Glenn Gould? Legato, legato, follow me.

Scene 3.

Night. Hezbollah safe house, Lebanon.

The room is well lit. On the back and side walls of the room are large photographs showing Hezbollah activities: one showing distribution of food, one showing small kids learning the alphabet, one showing an anti-Zionist rally. There is a middle-aged man fingering worry beads and sitting behind a desk. A chair sits in front of the desk as if for an interview.

Said: Come in Salem. Sit down. My name is Said. We are interested in you. We want to discuss your plans.

Salem: I have no plans; I am the hunted one.

Said: The hunted can become the hunter. You can join us in the struggle against the Zionists.

Salem: I don't believe in struggle. I believe in peace.

Said: You are going to have a hard time convincing the Zionists of that, my friend! Now you are like the ones shut out in 48. The only way that you will ever get home is by fighting your way back. Either you force the Zionists out of Palestine or the Zionists will force you out. Don't you want to go back to where your father lived, and your grandfather lived, where your family has always lived?

Salem: What I want doesn't matter. I lost my right to live in Jerusalem when I killed a man in Jerusalem with a stone.

Said: From this it follows that the Zionists lost their right to live in Palestine when they killed us by the thousands in 48, in 67, in 73, in 82. They were ethnic cleansers before the Serbs. We throw stones at them and they shoot bullets at us. For every soldier hit by a stone, there are ten Palestinian kids shot by the soldiers.

Salem: I'm not responsible for what other people do. I'm only responsible for what I do. I threw the stone; nobody made me do it. I will pay the price for what I've done.

Said: If you can stop someone from doing something and you don't, you are responsible for the results. If you don't help us, you are helping them. You should worry less about being morally pure and worry more about winning justice for your own people. The Zionists took our land fifty years ago and if you cared for justice like your idol Gandhi you would help us to get it back.

Salem: I don't care what happened fifty years ago. We should be looking to the future, not trying to settle old scores. We can build a country of our own and to hell with the Israelis. And that country will be my home.

Said: And what will the capital of that country be? Gaza? Ramallah? You know that your new country can have only one capital, and the Israelis will not give it up unless they are forced to give it up. Are you a good Muslim?

Salem: Of course.

Said: Do you think that that the Al-Aksa mosque, the Dome of the Rock, from which the Prophet, peace be unto him

Salem: [simultaneously] Peace be unto him

Said: ...ascended into heaven, can exist within a Jewish state and not be defiled?

Salem: Nothing can defile the Prophet; nothing can defile the All-high. Do you think that Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, needs your help against the Zionists? All that matters is that Muslims have free access to the holy sites.

Said: Thank you, Prince Saladin! Muslims had free access to the Hebron mosque, and a Jew went into the mosque and shot thirty believers dead in the middle of their prayers. There is nothing that can be free and under Zionist control.

Salem: You are a prisoner of the past. We should be thinking about what we can do now, not what happened long ago. We can build our own state and give justice to our own people and we won't have to beg for justice or anything else from the Israelis. They have offered us 95% of the West Bank; we should take this and develop this and not worry about the other 5%.

Said: And what kind of state do you think that the Israelis will let us build with our 95%?

Said turns on an overhead projector and turns off the room lights. The projection on a screen on the back wall must be visible to the audience,

Said: Do you know what this is?

Salem: It's a map of the West Bank and Gaza.

Said puts on an overlay sheet.

Said: And what is this?

Salem: The West Bank.

Said: And this?

Salem (resignedly): The Jewish settlements, of course.

Said: There are 175 of them already.

Said: And this?

Salem: I don't know:

Said. This shows the supply and defense roads for the 175 settlements, as proposed by Barak in the summer of 2000. All these white areas will remain under the control of the Zionists. In effect, the Zionists have cut our land into four separate pieces! What sovereign state would let a foreign power control so much land inside its own territory? Do you think that the Israelis would permit such things on their own soil? Would they give us military control over a road though Israel from Gaza to Lebanon? You are spouting Zionist propaganda when you talk of the Israelis giving us 95% of the West Bank. The 95% they are giving us is desert. The 5% they keep has all the roads, and all the water! [Points out Jordan River valley, all white.] When the Israelis built these settlements Moyshe Dayan called this "creating facts." What kind of fact do you think is being created here?

Salem: I don't know.

Said: It is the fact of continued occupation of the West Bank. It is the fact of daily oppression of Arabs by Jews. Why should we settle for a piece of Palestine when we could have all of it? In 15 years the faithful will outnumber the Jews in Palestine. Then we will demand the vote and wage war for democracy. We will say to the Americans: one man, one vote: democracy, you believe in this. And once we get the vote we will take over the whole country and build a multi-religious state. You want to fight the Zionists? Have a baby.

Salem: I don't want to fight anybody.

Said: Yes, yes, we know. You don't have to fight. We have many social programs that build up the strength of our people. How good is your English?

Salem: Excellent: I got perfect marks.

Said: Then you can teach English to the children; they need it for the Internet.

Salem: I can do that.

Said: Welcome to Hezbollah!

Scene 4: East Jerusalem, Nonviolence Club.

Abdul, Mohammed, and Akbar are sitting in semi-darkness.

Abdul: Only three of us left, can't field a team.

Mohammed: 12 Palestinians killed yesterday.

Akbar: We will all die someday; all we can choose is how to die.

Mohammed: If I die, I will die for justice; I will take the oppressors with me. I will create equality; the Jews and I will be equally dead.

Abdul: Why should I live? I have no job, no house, no family, no future. I could have one day of glory: my picture would be everywhere in Palestine.

Akbar [turns on a light]: It was the fascists who said, "Long live death!" Can death be glorious? Salem used to talk to us about death. Death, he said, cannot be glorious; death is nothing; it is the void. If you want death, you want nothing. Do the two of you want nothing?

Mohammed: I want justice.

Abdul: I want a wife.

Akbar: You cannot have a wife if you do not exist. You cannot have justice if you do not exist. Let's stop talking about death. Let us look the other way. Let us choose life. [He holds out his hand.] Promise me.

[Abdul, Mohammed, Hossein grasp hands.]

Abdul, Mohammed, Hossein: To life!

Abdul, Mohammed, Akbar: ["To life!" in Arabic or Arabic equivalent]

Abdul [raises his fist in the air]. We will survive!

Scene 5.

Night. Hamas safe house in Lebanon.

The room is quite dark. In the corner of the room, sitting on the floor, are two men holding Uzis. Their faces are masked by kaffirs.

A third man masked by kaffir, carrying an AK-47, brings Salem in. Salem has a cloth bag over his head and face, which is now taken off.

First man: Sorry Salem, but it is better for you not to know where we are.

Salem: Your friend here said that you had information about my family.

First man: That is not exactly true. Do you still remember your friends back in Jerusalem? We have information about your student Hossein. He is dead, shot by the Zionists.

Salem: Hossein is dead! How did this happen?

First man. He threw a stone. When he turned to run they shot him in the back. It happens all the time. The question is, what are you going to do about it?

Salem: What good will it accomplish to do anything about it? It won't bring Hossein back to life.

First man: That is true. But we can kill those who killed him. That is justice. Even the Jews say an eye for an eye. We are going to get justice for Hossein, and we need your help.

Salem: (after a pause). What can I do to help Hossein?

First man: You grew up in East Jerusalem. You know every alley and every basement and where tunnels go from building to building. We need to get deep into East Jerusalem without being noticed.

Salem: Then what are you going to do—blow up the Wailing Wall? It's three feet thick.

First man: What we plan to do is our own business, but it is for Hossein. Here is a map of the streets and buildings. See the red point on the map. Can you get us to this point without anybody seeing us?

Salem studies the map. After a few seconds, his concentration becomes intense.

Salem: It can be done. There are tunnels even Jewish archeologists don't know about.

Third man. Can you show us the way?

Salem: You will never find it without me.

Third man. Will you come with me? Back to Israell?

Salem: [After a studied pause.] I will, for Hossein's sake. But it won't do any good. The Zionists will never leave Palestine.

First man: Perhaps so. But we can make them suffer as they have made us suffer.

Salem and the third man leave.

Second man: Do you think we can trust him?

First man: Once we get him into Israel, what is he going to do, turn us in? He is a wanted man himself.

Second man: I don't take him to be the suicide bomber type.

First man. He isn't. We will knock him out at the last moment and blow him up along with the Jews. The people at Hezbollah were worrying that he was infecting his students with his Gandhi crap. Can you believe it? He tells his students about the murder of Jews in the Ukraine and how Jews got persecuted in Russia. When they find his body under the Jewish house people will think he converted from non-violence and died a martyr for our cause. His old Gandhi buddies will come over to us. That will be the end of non-violence in the intifada.

Act V, Scene 1.

Night. Alley in East Jerusalem.

Salem and the third man are moving along together.

Man. Soldiers, get down!

They look about uncertainly, not knowing where to hide. Salem jumps into one basement door, the other man jumps goes into a different door. The soldiers pass by and stand outside the door where Salem is hiding, then move on. We see the Hamas man peek out, and whisper "Salem?" Salem does not answer. The Hamas man, holding the map, moves off on his own via a doorway around a corner.

Salem (on his cell phone): Irina! This is Salem. Get everybody out of your building . Hamas is trying to put a bomb under it.

Irina is illuminated high up backstage.

Irina: Salem, is it really you? Where are you?

Salem: I am coming to you. Get everyone out of the building, and open the gate. (He redials on his cell phone.) Akbar! Are you with the group? Get them over to the Jewish house right away.

Scene 3.

Minutes later. In front of Irina's house.

Irina emerges with several residents of the apartment house; she goes frantically back in for more. Salem comes running to the front of the building.

Irina: Why are you here? Did you plant the bomb?

Salem: If I planted the bomb, why would I call you? I had to come back with them in order to stop them. Is everybody out?

Irina: I think there are still people on the top floor.

Salem: Get them out. We will find the bomb.

Akbar, Mohammed, and some other Arabs from the group run to Salem.

Salem: There's a bomb under the Jewish house. We must find it immediately. There are still people inside.

They begin looking frantically for the bomb. Salem finds the bomb under the front stoop.

Salem: Here it is.

The boys kneel around the bomb.

Mohammed: Cut the thick green wire before any of the others.

Salem: Where did you learn about bombs?

Mohammed: Can the green wire now!

Salem get out a penknife he cuts the wires on the bomb as instructed.

Salem: We did it! Al-Hamdu li-Ilaah! ["God be praised"]
They all stand up, relieved.

The squad of Israeli soldiers is seen advancing from stage right, guns drawn. A fusillade of automatic weapons fires rings out, lasting several seconds. All members of the group except Salem are immediately killed. Salem is mortally wounded. They all fall to the ground.

Irina merges from the front door. She sees the bodies and runs to Salem, throwing herself on the body and embracing it.

Irina: Salem! Salem! No! No!

Salem (looking at Irina for a long second): Al-lahu Akbar. [God is great!]

Salem goes limp in Irina's arms.

The patrol of soldiers strides in. The officer in charge checks each body, and pauses over Irina and Salem.

Irina: Why?

Officer: These are terrorists; this one is a wanted man.

Irina: This one. This one. This one saved us; this one saved us all.

Officer: Nonsense, they are all terrorists, every one of them.

Sarah carefully picks up the bomb.

Sarah: She's right captain; all the wires have been cut.

Irina bends up from Salem's body and stares at the soldiers.

Irina: Fools! Criminals! Murderers! SS! NAZIS!

The soldiers stare back at her, pointing their rifles in her direction.

Irina: (weeping): Nazis! Bolvany! Ugolovn'iki! Ub'iytzi! [Russian: "Idiots! Criminals! Murderers!"]

One soldier slowly lowers his rifle. Then he drops his rifle on the ground. One by one the other soldiers, except the captain, drop their rifles on the ground. They move to form a ring around Salem and Irina. One soldier drops down to one knee, weeping. Then the rest of the soldiers drop down to one knee. Then all stand. At this point several of the evacuees must come back onto the stage. Soldiers and evacuees together form a minyan.

One soldier in a clear voice recites the beginning of Kaddish:

Yis'ga'dal v'yis'kadash sh'may ra'bbo, b'olmo dee'vro chir'usay v'yamlich malchu'say, b'chayaychon uv'yomay'chon uv'chayay d'chol bais Yisroel, ba'agolo u'viz'man koriv; v'imru Amen.

Y'hay shmay rabbo m'vorach l'olam ul'olmay olmayo.

Yisborach v'yishtabach v'yispoar v'yisromam v'yismasay, v'yishador v'yis'aleh v'yis'alal, shmay d'kudsho, brich hu, l'aylo min kl birchoso v'sheeroso, tush'bechoso v'nechemoso, da,ameeran b'olmo; vimru Amen.

All soldiers: (with volume increasing to the end.)

Y'hay shlomo rabbo min sh'mayo, v'chayim alaynu v'al kol Yisroel; v'imru Amen.

Oseh sholom bimromov, hu ya'aseh sholom olaynu, v'al kol yisroel; vimru Amen.

From offstage, as lights come down, sung, even contralto pitch, four whole notes: Ye-ru-sha-layim!

Curtain.